

Ice Born: TǼ́rfa's Journey

by Queen Of Silverveil

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Characters: Drago Bludfist, Hiccup, OC, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-23 01:11:30

Updated: 2014-09-28 04:46:03

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:06:00

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 3,734

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Think of Berk (Hold that thought), now what would a bunch of Norse people look like if they all already loved dragons? TǼ́rfa, is the only Norse girl in the village of Fossdalr who wants to kill a dragon. But what happens when her and the rest of the village teenagers are sent out to bond with their first dragon? (I use drakes from World Of Warcraft in this)

1. Descriptions

Glacier:

The head and tail of Glacier is narrowed to a point were it looks like a spear head, its wings are angular allowing it to dive into water at a moment's notice. Its body is narrow, allowing it to speed through the water at lightning speed. Light blue coloring one her head and tail, her horns are light frost blue. The general body color is a snowy white, with blue edging around her wing membrane. The same light blue color on her head and tail makes up the color of Glacier's wing membrane.

Leifin

Coming soon!

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><p>Glacier came to me in a dream, I won't bother you with telling about it, but I guess that my sub-self made her after the Nightmares.

Leifin is the dragon from next book, I just wanted you guys to get excited first... If there is anyone there... :,(

**Bye! **

2. Chapter 1

TǼ́rfa slowly sharpened her battle axe with a sharpening stone. Her thoughts wandered to the next week's events. She and a group of other teenagers in the village of Fossdalr, had come of age to make a bond with a dragon. There was mostly only Frozen Spearheads, but some Sharpbeaks came up during the warm season (Deadly Nadders). The young Norse child made a face at her reflection in the war axe; it was so shiny it glittered in the light from the fire.

Standing up, the girl heaved the axe onto her back and walked out quietly of her house. TǼ́rfa squinted her eyes at the harsh landscape; TǼ́rfa frowned as the snow glare pierced through her eyelashes. Leafless birch swayed in the early winter breeze as TǼ́rfa made her way to the council room.

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><p>Waiting for her there was the rest of the village's teenagers. As TǼ́rfa walked over she noticed them mapping out their route to find dragons. Wrinkling her nose in disgust she continued to watch them argue, until one of the male teenagers noticed her.<p>

"Lookie here guys, we have the dragon slayer here to save us." A large blonde haired boy spat out.

"Well, I'm not going to burden you then. You can go fight off the bears alone then." TǼ́rfa said coldly.

The group stared at her in shock, until a dark haired boy finally had the courage to speak up.

"You have to. It's tradition. If you don't how will you get food?" the boy's name was AlvoriǼ§.

"I don't need a petty dragon to give me food, unlike you I have skills to survive alone. And as for tradition, to Hel shall it go" with those words being said, a small gasp emitted out of the group as TǼ́rfa stormed out of the council room, slamming the door behind her.

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><p>Walking aimlessly around with no real destination, she ended up at the bay. Its waters had been frozen under a thick layer of ice; the sunlight sparkled off the ice in a dazzling manner. TǼ́rfa sighed to herself, "How can I just let them know that I want to spill blood? It's not like we don't have shield-maidens, but they all have dragon bonds."<p>

The girl kicked one of the small rocks that dotted the shoreline. As the young girl walked along the bay she looked at her home and sighed. "How will I ever show them? I hate dragons!"

TǼ́rfa took out her battle axe brandishing it at an invisible enemy. She soon lost interest in the action though and dragged her axe behind her as she continued walking.

TǼ́rfa soon found out that she had reached a point where she could

not see her village anymore, grinning the girl ran off to her hut.

Dusting off her boots she found that her snow leopard had already made it back before her. Poking the small first she had just created with her flint and tinder, she thought about how she came to have this place and the story behind her pygmy leopard. Looking around for her book she began to leaf through the pages to find the one that was labeled "Hut".

Making herself comfortable on a polar bear skin, she began to read her book. Its crude pages and writing reminded TÃ´rfa that she had to improve the book soon. Dawn came over onto the girl's lap and cuddled up to her. As both of them enjoyed the warmth given to each other and from the fire, a steady purr arose from the snow leopard as the girl began to read.

11 summers and 10 winters to date.

I built this place to shelter me from the bullies in the village. TÃ´rfa, my future self don't let them deceive you. They will end you, don't let them in. You must be harsh as the winter and as violent as the tides during new-tide. On a happier note, guess what I found today? I hope by the time I read this again she is still here; I think I will name her Dawnberry. I found her under a berry bush after I saw an adult snow leopard not far away from the bush. A polar bear probably got to her as she was hunting, I don't know, but the cub is my responsibility now. I'll just call her Dawn for short. The hut should be able to protect you from most snow storms and sturdy enough to allow you to hide from a bear until you're old enough to kill them. Stay safe. Stay strong. Do not let them in.

* * *

><p>After feeding Dawn some fish that TÃ´rfa had caught beforehand and smoked. Realizing that the sun was setting the girl began to run back to her parents' home. Wheezing loudly the girl paused for a moment to regain her composure before entering the house.<p>

Her mother and father sat at the eating table in the middle of the room. Looking around TÃ´rfa realized that most of the elder village council along with some of the younger adults was here. TÃ´rfa realized that they were probably here for her. Silently backing away she bumped into something soft. Turning around she realized it was GredÃ¶r. He smiled softly at her, rustling TÃ´rfa's brilliant silvery white hair, before pushing her towards the adults. She looked back at him confused.

"I'm sorry" he mouthed. Realizing she had to way out of this situation, TÃ´rfa stared steely at her parents.

"What do you want?" a quiet voice said, TÃ´rfa hardly recognized it as her own. It was deathly soft, and the elders paled as they heard the voice.

One cleared his throat. Standing up he wrung his hands together in an obvious discomfort.

"You have to go with the rest of the teenagers. It is the law in this town, and if you don't we are no longer obliged to look upon you as

one of our own." The tall man said before sitting down in his seat.

"So you always looked upon me as one of your own then?" TÃ´rfa spat out.

One of the other council women - a younger one by the looks â€" spoke up. "We have always looked upon you as our own. Even when you did things that others didn't."

"You say that defending myself as a mere CHILD to other children was an action that is frowned upon?!" the girl's accent began to play in slurring her words into angry shouts.

"Yur all horrible beasts! Dragons or not, allowing yur child to be beate' or beat another is not a part of yur heritage!" TÃ´rfa slammed her fist down on the table in anger. Recalling the words from her book before, she spit on the floor at her parents feet and stormed out into the frozen unknown.

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><p>AN How did you guys like it? I'm packing for Kanobels (Spelled wrong -) right now, but I hope you guys have awesome reviews and stuff when I get back! Read & Review!**

PS: How did you guys like TÃ´rfa so far?

3. Chapter 2

DreamWorks Animation owns How To Train Your Dragon

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><p>Recap:**

TÃ´rfa had stormed out of her parent's house after humiliating them in front of the village council. One male apologized to her for shoving her in the room.

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Cursing loudly TÃ´rfa stomped in the rising snow. Shielding her eyes from the snowstorm she didn't know where to go. She could go back to her hut, but the oncoming snow storm was most likely coming from the bay area. With only one choice left she decided to go to the only place in town she could trust, but not completely.

The girl ran across the main area of the village making her way past the dragon stables and to the butcher's shop. The old butcher still worked there with his wife, but his son had moved out.

Searching for the house she began to mumble abusive words at the oncoming snow. Switching hands to cover her eyes she noticed that she couldn't she her hand in front of her face since the snow was whipping around so much. Collapsing in despair, she shouted up at the sky thinking no one could hear her words.

"Why do ye always have ta push it on me? I didn't do nothin to ye!"

TÃ´rfa collapsed in the snow, shivering badly. TÃ´rfa slipped out of conscience not long after.

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The young girl awoke in GredÃ¥r's home. Rolling around in her blankets she saw him sitting near the hearth. With his back turned to her she couldn't see his face, but she didn't want to. Although this was the place she wanted to be, instinct told her to leave as soon as she could. Sliding the cover off of her she nearly screamed.

"What is Hel's name have you done to me!"

Looking down at her body she could see blue patterns running along almost every inch of her bare skin. The lines swirled and made patterns on her skin.

GredÃ¥r came over to her, his eyes baggy, and his arms sore.

"What do you mea-"his eyes popped as she threw her hand towards him. Gently taking her hand in his he began to examine it closely. TÃ´rfa didn't like this, she rarely let other people touch her, and when they did it was only Dawn.

Snatching back her hand she eyed GredÃ¥r warily.

"What had you done to me?" she asked again this time more slowly, and with more anger.

"I didn't do anything! I came home and saw you unconscious on the way. Do you have any idea of what you have done?! Not only did you shame your parents, but you shamed them in front of the village council! And them too! You should know better than to raise your voice at them! What in Hel's filthy name is wrong with?" GredÃ¥r roared at her, pacing the room he began to rant on.

"And that was just now, what about all the things before? Tricking the village children into thinking dogs would do tricks when you set them free, we hardly had enough food to last us winter last time!"

TÃ´rfa stood up fuming "Now look here GredÃ¥r! I didn't do that, every single one of the village children knows that, but they decided to blame it on me! So what? I'm the village weirdo and that must mean everything I do is wrong?!"

With her mouth foaming TÃ´rfa tried to compose herself. "I have had enough; I will go you your stupid filthy trip for bonding. Then I will leave."

GredÃ¥r sighed loudly, there was only on thing left for him to do and he had to make sure that he did it before she left. But he would wait, for now.

"Why is it always me? Why can't anyone else be like you? Even though you did a lousy job you still were my only friend." The girl sat down by the hearth, staring into the flames with a sad stare. GredÃ¥r joined her and they stared at the hearth for some time.

"Where are you going to go after this?" GredÃ¥r asked quietly,

turning his head away from TÃ´rfa.

Sighing TÃ´rfa shrugged, "Who knows? I'll probably make a boat and set out for the South Western Islands. I heard they kill dragons too."

The male looked at TÃ´rfa before saying "What made you this way? If only-" His voice trailed off in a saddening tone.

"Just say it, tomorrow will be too late."

GredÃ¥r stayed quiet before answering her. "Over the summer my father asked me who I wished to wed. He said many women would be clamoring for my hand, and he knew that I had already made an acquaintance with Marda. She came to me the next day trying to climb all over my body. She whispered in my ear something terrible, and I'll spare you the shame of knowing those words, but promise me that you'll be safe?"

His voice practically begged at TÃ´rfa. Turning her head to look at him, only now did she realize why the girls in town threw more dirty looks at her lately than usual. Not only had GredÃ¥r come of age, but he was one of the nicest males to look at. Every lady knew that her husband would end up scarred one way or another, but even then it would complement him. His shaggy black hair perfectly framed his strong jaw and the stubble on his face made him look even handsomer. He was fit, almost everyone in town was. And most of all, he had green eyes. Sure around the village there were green eyes, dark red hair, sometimes silver and black, but these were special. They were dark with little flecks of bronze in them.

TÃ´rfa blinked her eyes in surprise as she realized that she had been staring at GredÃ¥r's face non-stop and in that time he had come closer to her face than ever before. Fear raced through her body as their faces inched towards each other's ever so slightly.

GredÃ¥r broke into a grin and the moment was ruined. A loud joyful laugh echoed in the house as GredÃ¥r rolled about on the floor in glee. Wiping tears from his eyes he calmed himself enough to look at TÃ´rfa.

Seeing her face he fell back down again. TÃ´rfa was utterly â€" what was that word? Shocked? Disappointed?

Her face was like someone had seen something so bizarre that their body didn't know how to handle it. Her pale eyebrows bunched together in confusion and then back out again in shock. She did this the entire time GredÃ¥r was laughing, fueling him to laugh even harder on the floor until he couldn't breathe.

The boy leapt up and pulled TÃ´rfa with him. He danced gleefully around her until he heard a knock at the door and they both fell deathly silent. They both knew of what was about to happen and she didn't like it one single bit.

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><p>Thank you Saphirabrightscale for following this! I hope you liked this chapter enough to review ;). So how what did you guys think? GredÃ¥r and TÃ´rfa? If you guys do like it, I have a little

twist for the story if not, well, then who knows! TÃ´rfa will explain things on the bonding trip so if you feel lost do not worry! I'm making everything up to fit into place ASAP! I have to get my room clean, before I get on any other devices, so it may be a little bit before I even start. Next chapter will take a long time even is it isn't long!Please R&R! Peace!

4. Chapter 3

Recap: _You saw some stuff going on between GredÃ´r and TÃ´rfa. _

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><p>The knocks stopped. GredÃ´r shoved TÃ´rfa behind some of his furs on the wall that were hanging. A strong smell of smoke emitted from them, making her need to sneeze. She managed to muffle it somewhat, but the voices stopped for a moment before continuing. TÃ´rfa stood still as she heard GredÃ´r lead whoever was there outside. Moving the furs away from her face she peeked out.<p>

TÃ´rfa crossed the threshold quietly and slipped out the back door. Running swiftly, TÃ´rfa managed to get to the Town Hall. By now word had spread of her argument last night. Hopefully no one had heard her and GredÃ´r shouting. Looking around her eyes softened uncharacteristically for a moment. Children were playing tag along the long the snow laden road. A midwife hurried to a house. Muskoxen huffed and snorted loudly in their pens next to houses.

The door that TÃ´rfa was standing at, suddenly opened. The rest of the village's teenagers stood there.

"Well? Are we going to go already?" TÃ´rfa managed to ask. They just stared at her.

"The were heading top the ceremony, are you going to come?" AlvoriÃ´ asked.

"We do have one question though, what happened to your hands?" a unidentifiable voice asked.

TÃ´rfa looked confused, lifting them up she saw the swirls from earlier. Checking the rest of her body she only saw them on her hands.

"No comment" she whispered in wonder.

"Alright then, can we go now?" the same voice from before asked. TÃ´rfa shrugged and backed up from the door. She could see that they didn't know how to respond to her. The group walked down the road, heading to the end of the village. Elders waited there for all, then ceremony would begin.

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><p>Ponies were lined up along a wooden post. Bags weighed them down. Snow had started to fall lightly, with torches in hand the Elders gestured the small group to line up side-by-side. A Elder brought up the last bonding group of dragons and Vikings. Sharpbeaks and Frozen Spearheads along with Nightmares followed behind a group of adult

Vikings.<p>

"Choose one that you will bless with the gift." a raspy Elder's voice told the Vikings and dragons. Each Viking took a position in front of the new group. TÃ´rfa inhaled sharply when GredÃ¥r stepped in front of her. Smiling encouragingly he assumed the same position as the other mentors. A huge Frozen Spearhead loomed over the two. A burning lust raced through her body as she tried to not twitch from desire in the dream of spilling a dragon's blood.

Then the real ceremony began. A huge bonfire was lit, the Elders began groaning and moaning in a chant. Each mentor was handed a bowl and knife. GredÃ¥r cut his hand and let the blood run into the bowl. Then, turning to his dragon he took a claw and cut it too. Blue blood poured from the wound into the bowl, mixing into a light purple color. Other trainees looked scared as their mentors dipped their fingers into the blood and reached for the faces of the trainees. Some flinched away, but dragons pushed them back.

"GredÃ¥r?" TÃ´rfa whispered.

GredÃ¥r said nothing, but cocked his head sideways in answer. He began to draw blood on her face, painting her neck, forehead, and her eye lids. Her cheeks were done last.

"What happened to your chin?" His eyes met TÃ´rfa's in surprise. "There are blue lines on it, the same color as the swirls on my hands."

He said not a word, but stepped back to allow an Elder to walk over to her. The bonfire flickered as the wind howled in the night. Snow was thrown up as the Elder began to shake dragon bones over her.

After the Elder finished blessing the group he took a step back.

"Mentors, present your trainee with the Gift." All mentors took something small from their pockets. GredÃ¥r had walked back up to TÃ´rfa; in his hand was a necklace. Its thread was mad of white fur; TÃ´rfa thought that it might be polar bear. It touched her heart that a kind soul like GredÃ¥r would kill something for her. On the thread, there were different types of dragon teeth and one polar bear tooth. The bear tooth being smaller was in the center, while the dragon teeth surrounded it.

GredÃ¥r's hands went up around her neck and moved TÃ´rfa's hair away. His cold hands made her shiver. He clasped the ends together by slipping a knot through a small loop. The new weight on her chest startled her. She didn't think dragon teeth weighed this heavy. Moving his hands to her cheeks, and smearing the blood, he leaned down. His green eyes bored into her until an Elder coughed slightly.

Quickly drawing back, GredÃ¥r coughed slightly and looked away. Suddenly TÃ´rfa felt breath upon her upper back and neck. As she turned her head she saw a dragon's head. It was GredÃ¥r's. His giant blue orb focused on her, his pupil thinning ever so slightly. The rare moment TÃ´rfa had the fortune to witness, was gone in a blink. The dragon pushed her forward slightly to the Elders waiting. She

could tell the ceremony was almost done, the ponies were untied and ready to ride, their restless stomping showed their unease at the closeness to the dragons around them. Two cold fingers to her forehead brought her back to reality, The rest of the group got a similar treatment with two fingers to their head. Almost all of them looked shaken. The mentors brought the ponies over to their trainees. GredÃr helped TÃrfa up onto her pony, even though she looked cross at being singled out as a weakling. With a few words of fare well from the villagers on the fringes of the bonfire, the Elders led both the trainees and the villagers to the end of the village. The dragon's began to crouch down as their riders climbed onto them, taking off they began to circle above in a amazing show of trust and skill.

The ponies began to walk off into the barren desert of the frozen lands. Taking the group of teenagers with them.

* * *

><p>So? Sorry this took so long, I hope _that we can get 1 review for this chapter. That's the goal. 1 review.**

R&R! Have a nice day!

End
file.